Ambivalent

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48711451.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), HEU - Fandom, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Adam Raki, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Sexting, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Dom/sub, Vibrators, app controlled sex toys
Language:	English
Series:	Part 46 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-19 Words: 759 Chapters: 1/1

Ambivalent

by sourweather

Summary

Adam has some fun with Nigel while he's at work. Nigel does not find it amusing.

Notes

wouldn't it be novel if I actually started writing second parts to a bunch of my thread fics that deserve continuations. yeah I think so too. anyway.

Ni: [You're a sick fuck, you know that?]

Adam glances at the message on his phone, then back to his work computer. E-mails. What he would give for a job that didn't necessitate E-mails. Working at an observatory is a dream come true, and he would never take that for granted, but he still hasn't managed to escape them.

His phone buzzes again, about two minutes later.

Ni: [Adam. Baby. Seriously.]

The corner of his mouth curls upward, just a little.

Taking a moment to glance around the room, he picks up his phone. He likes to make sure that no one is watching first, just in case he starts to blush or makes any incriminating faces. He hasn't been caught yet, but you can never be too careful with these things.

Adam: [Is everything okay?]

As soon as he sends the message, Adam switches to the newest app on his phone. The interface is discreet, which Adam appreciates. No obnoxious branding or eye-catching iconography. He looks at the screen, trapping his lip between his teeth.

The power is nearly as low as it can go, lower than its been all day. Barely even on. It's been like that for the past half-hour. He can almost picture Nigel, right now. Shifting awkwardly on the sofa, trying to calm down and finding it impossible. Maybe if he'd started at such a low setting, he could ignore it. Not now, though. Not when Adam's been teasing him for hours on end.

He's debating his next move when Nigel, impatient as ever, messages him again.

Ni: [You know damn fucking well that I'm not fucking okay, Adam. Stop fucking around.]

Adam's smile grows. He's mouthy when he's frustrated. Adam loves it, but he'd never let it show. As far as Nigel can see, Adam couldn't care less either way.

So Adam doesn't even reply. He presses his thumb to the slider on his phone, turns it higher, higher.

Miles away, the vibrator pressed snug against Nigel's prostate finally climbs to more than the tiniest fucking tingle. Nigel moans, tossing his head back over the couch cushions. Thank God. Adam's been driving him fucking nuts all day, but if he'd had to sit with that teasing buzz for another minute he would've properly fucking lost it.

Nigel rolls his hips, fucking up into nothing and grinding against the toy. His cock is leaking in his underwear, so hard that it hurts. He palms at it, desperate to take even some of the edge off. He doesn't pull it out, though. Doesn't touch himself.

He’s not supposed to.

And shit, he might not need to if the toy in his ass keeps up like this. It’s just right, playing over his nerves so fucking perfectly after hours of being teased to hell and back. He moans again, low. His back arches from the sofa—

And just like that, the vibrations drop away. Nigel’s heart drops right along with them, and he honest to God fucking *whines*. For a second he’s scared that the toy fucking died on them, but no, that stupid weak tremor is back. The battery didn’t die, Adam Raki is just a demented, sadistic fucking asshole.

And he’s not shy in saying so. He snatches his phone from the cushion beside him, typing with shaking hands.

Ni: [LET ME FUCKING CUM YOU FUCKIGN DICK]

Adam has to cover his mouth to muffle the mean-spirited giggle that leaves him. Nigel is so cute.

Adam: [I don’t know. I haven’t decided if I will or not today.]

The next reply is almost immediate. Suddenly Nigel seems to break, and he sends several in quick succession. Adam scans the room again before subtly reaching beneath his desk. He palms the bulge in his pants, just a little. He can’t help it.

Ni: [don’t you fucking dare, raki.]
Ni: [im serious. Youll fucking regret it]
Ni: [baby, have a fucking heart here.]
Ni: [im so hard. You make me so hard. I feel like im gonna fucking die if I don’t come, adam. Come on.]

And Adam is already swayed, is already about to turn the dial up again, but then Nigel sends a final message.

Ni: [Please?]

Adam swallows. His cock throbs. Anxiously, he eyes the employee bathroom. He hasn’t been paying attention to his coworkers, but he’s fairly certain that it’s empty.

Without another thought, he stands from his desk, praying that his growing erection isn’t too obvious, and makes for the restroom, his thumb already hovering over the button to call Nigel.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!